VISIT…

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

Epic Comics® Book 10 $4.50 $5.20 CAN

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foreword
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Devil's Brigade, Part Six: One True Faith
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FOREWORD

"Ch-ch-changes," David Bowie once sang, and no-talent white rappers only wait to digitally sample and claim as their own. But whereas vanilla-bland "musicians" co-opt with a sneer, we give all due credit to the man with Ziggy Stardust in his eyes as we usher in this landmark 10th issue of our homage to suffering, that rhythmic stutter ("Ch-ch-changes") resonating in our heads. All of which is yet another of our trademark roundabout ways of getting to the point, namely that the more other things remain the same, we go through one metamorphosis after another.

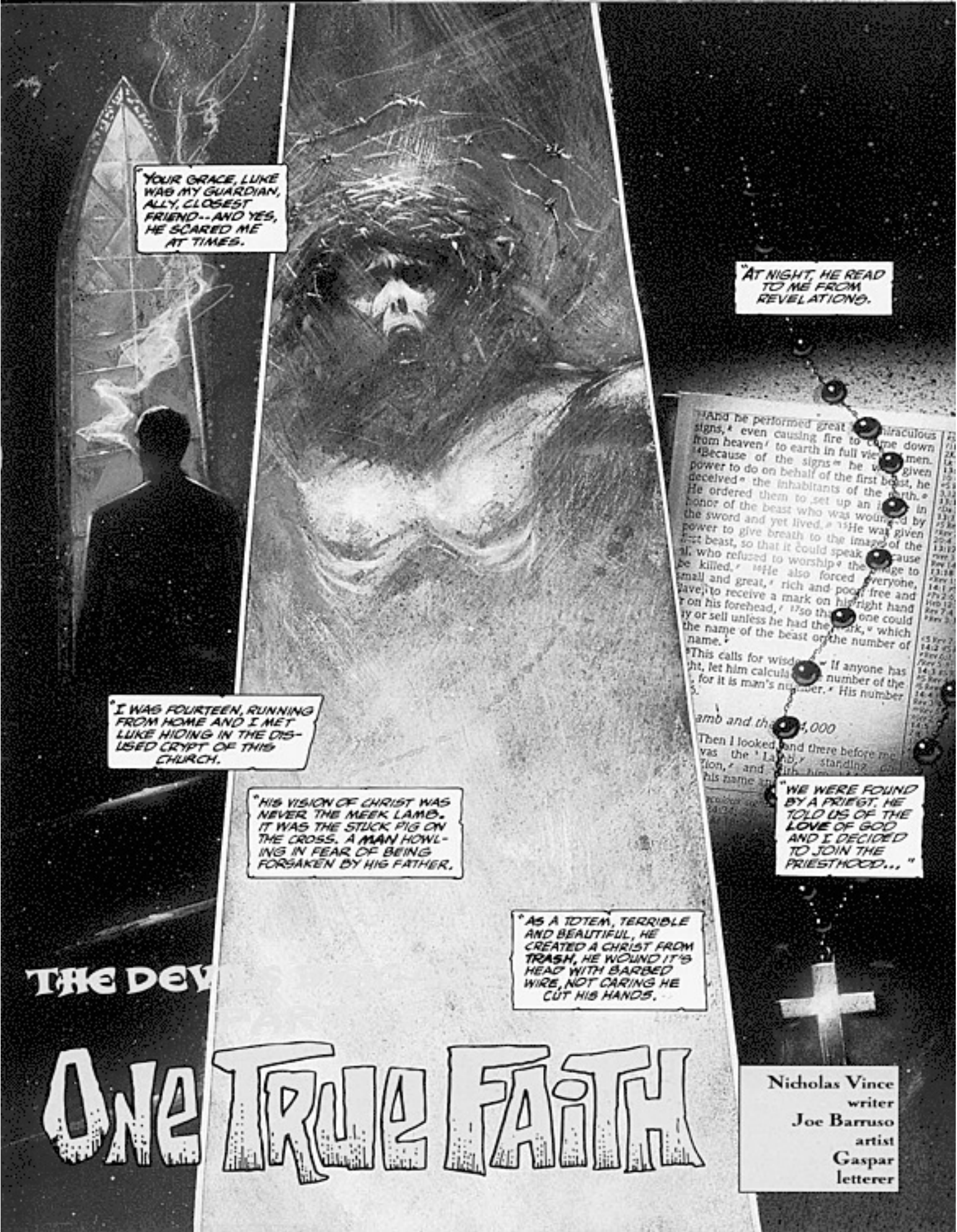
A mere two issues after adopting a bimonthly status, *Clive Barker's* **Hellraiser** now invades comic stores every six weeks — that's right, suffering-by-Cenobite is now yours two weeks earlier than ever. More importantly, you'll notice a change in the price and the page count of our favorite book of the damned, slashing (pun intended) the former to $4.50 and the latter to 48 pages. This is via the oracle-like wisdom of sales' demi-god Sven Larsen (sorry, Sven, our contract says Hell can have only one full god — Leviathan — so demi-diety's the best we could do!), on the grounds we present the most affordable package possible to our rabid (sometimes literally) Clive Barker fans. Never fear, though (at least, not about this) — there'll be no cutting back on the quality or content of the stories you've come to expect (and that have come to expect you). As proof of that blood pudding, this issue's offerings...

Hell's campaign against humanity gains new ground as the Devil's Brigade takes new terror-tory, both in "One True Faith," Nicholas Vince and Joe Barruso's tribute to televangelism; and "Commitment," the countdown continuing toward medical cure or catastrophe as Dwayne *"Deathlok"* McDuffie and myself are graced by the talents of artist Mike McMahon, fresh off Epic's very popular *The Last American*. Between the two, a one-two punch as Mike Zeck (currently working wonders on an upcoming *Legends of the Dark Knight)* brings his illustrative guns to bear on Erik Saltzgaber's "The Sweet Science," a TKO from down below.

So much for this month's mutations, gentle readers. We've worked our terrifying transformations this issue out...unless, of course, you were to count what's growing there, just above your hairline —

Run, don't walk, to the nearest mirror...

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor


"YOUR GRACE, LUKE WAS MY GUARDIAN, ALLY, CLOSEST FRIEND--AND YES, HE SCARED ME AT TIMES.
"I WAS FOURTEEN, RUNNING FROM HOME AND I MET LUKE HIDING IN THE DISUSED CRYPT OF THIS CHURCH.
"HIS VISION OF CHRIST WAS NEVER THE MEEK LAMB. IT WAS THE STUCK PIG ON THE CROSS. A MAN HOWLING IN FEAR OF BEING FORSAKEN BY HIS FATHER.
"AS A TOTEM, TERRIBLE AND BEAUTIFUL, HE CREATED A CHRIST FROM TRASH. HE WOUND IT'S HEAD WITH BARBED WIRE, NOT CARING HE CUT HIS HANDS.
"AT NIGHT, HE READ TO ME FROM REVELATIONS.
"WE WERE FOUND BY A PRIEST. HE TOLD US OF THE LOVE OF GOD AND I DECIDED TO JOIN THE PRIESTHOOD..."
THE DEV
ONE TRUE FAITH
Nicholas Vince
writer
Joe Barruso
artist
Gaspar
letterer

JUDAS! YOU DON'T NEED THEM. I CAN SHOW YOU -- NOT HIM. YOU... YOU'RE MY FRIEND...
LUKE, YOU'RE MY BROTHER.
I N R I
"I HELD HIM AS HE CRIED AND BLED.
THEN PROVE IT. BECOME BLOOD BROTHERS. SEE? IT'S EASY. "DRINK FOR THIS IS MY BLOOD."
LUKE, NO! YOU'RE CRAZY!
THEN HELP ME, PETER!
"EVENTUALLY HE TOO FOUND SANCTUARY IN MOTHER CHURCH'S ORDERED LIFE AND HE STOPPED SCULPTING AND THAT COST HIM, YOUR GRACE, COST HIM THE VIVID ARTIST IN HIMSELF."

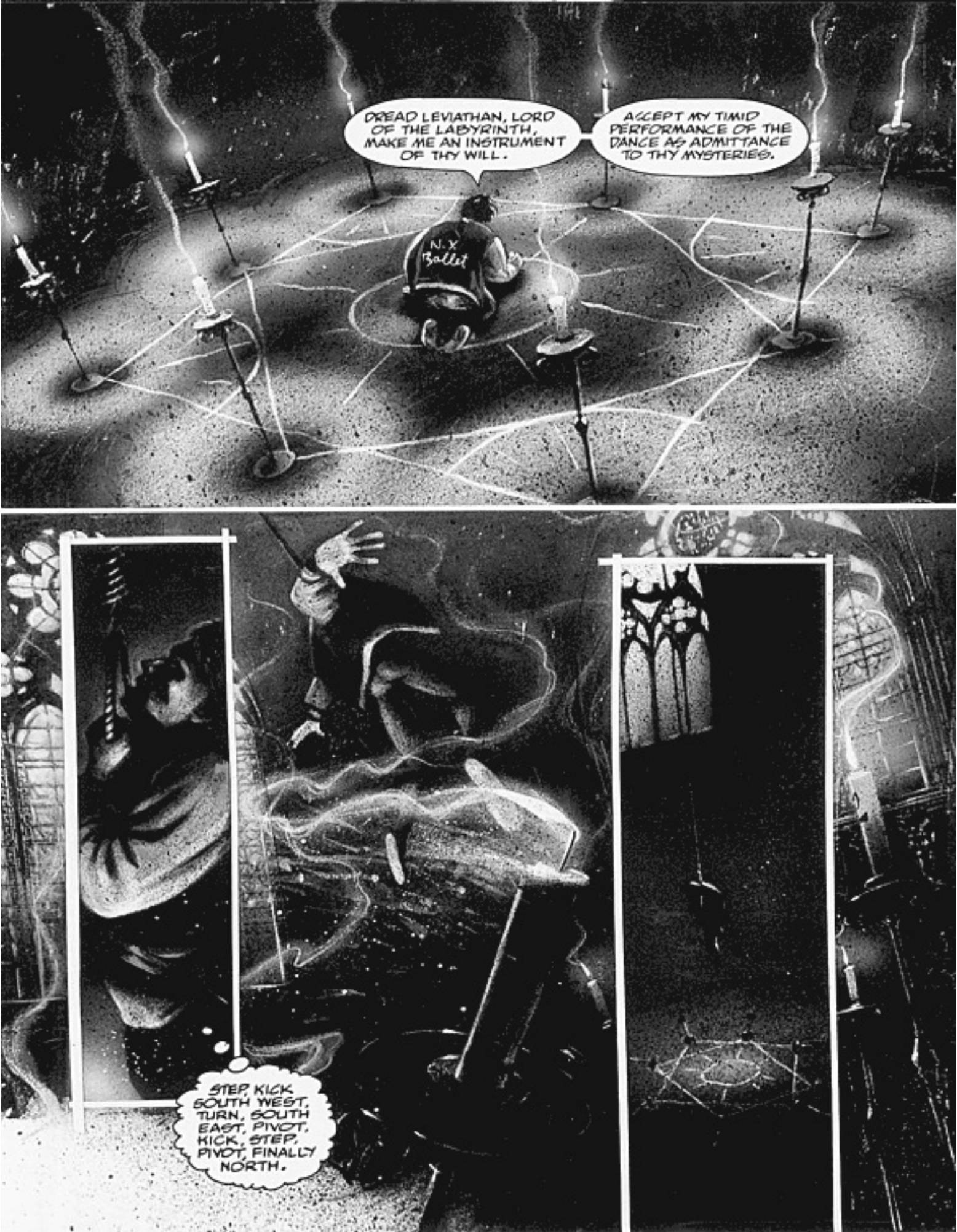
"I RETURNED HERE AS PRIEST--TO THIS GOTHIC ANOMALY AMONGST THE PRACTICALITIES OF MAMON--AND HE BECAME THE CHURCH RESIDENT.
"HE ORGANIZED THINGS--IN SPITE OF ME, I'M AFRAID."
A QUARTER HOUR IT TOOK TO FIND THESE TICKETS, FATHER.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN HONOR IT IS TO BE INVITED BY SAMUEL TO HIS BROADCAST?
I DON'T SHARE YOUR ADMIRATION FOR SAMUEL.
IS THAT PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY OR PRIDE, FATHER?

PRAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION. THE EMISSARIES OF CHAOS WORK AGAINST YOU. ANARCHISTS, TERRORISTS, MUGGERS, RAPISTS, SODOMITES AND IDOLATERS DRIVE THE WORLD TO THE ABYSS.
I HAVE LISTENED TO ANGELS AND THEY SAY:
"THESE ARE THE LAST DAYS."

CAN YOU NOT FEEL THE HOT BREATH OF THE FOUR HORSE MEN, FAMINE, WAR, PESTILENCE AND DEATH BEAR OUR WORLD, SCORCH OUR LAND.
IT IS TIME TO REPENT. TO OPEN OUR HEARTS TO THE ONE, TRUE, GOD. TO RAVEL THE THREADS OF YOUR LIFE, TO BECOME PART OF THE BLESSED ORDER.
KNOW THAT GOD WILL RETURN AND YOU SHALL BE JUDGED WITH FIRE.

I'M LEAVING.
"HIS CONGREGATION HAD THE 'HIVE SOUL' OF THE MOB. HIS AND THEIR...
"...CERTAINTY... TERRIFIED ME.
"I BELIEVE TRUE FAITH MUST CONTAIN DOUBT. THINK OF CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE. CERTAINTY ALWAYS DESTROYS.
"I WANTED TO SHAKE ALL AND EVERYONE--TELL THEM TO WAKE UP--THEY LOOKED GLASSY EYED, ALMOST POSSESSED.
JESUS DIED FOR YOU
N.Y. Ballet
"LUKE WAS LIKE A CHILD TOLD HE MUST LEAVE THE CIRCUS AS HE HAS SCHOOL IN THE MORNING."

"THAT DANCER, MARTIN, HE ASKED ME...
..."WHEN THE MAN SAID; 'GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN, ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.'
"DID HE MEAN: 'GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN, SO THE OLD BUGGER ISN'T BOTHERING US.'"
"THINKING OF SAMUEL'S VISION OF GOD I WONDERED THE SAME."
I WAS FIRED FROM MY DANCE TROUPE... WE WERE TOURING... I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M...
IT'S ALLRIGHT, MARTIN. YOU OBVIOUSLY JUST NEED A SANCTUARY. IT'S QUIETER UP HERE, AWAY FROM ALL THE OTHERS. YOU'LL FIND BEDDING OVER THERE. TAKE YOUR TIME -- WE'LL TALK IN THE MORNING.
THANK YOU, FATHER ABADDON.


DREAD LEVIATHAN, LORD OF THE LABYRINTH, MAKE ME AN INSTRUMENT OF THY WILL.
ACCEPT MY TIMID PERFORMANCE OF THE DANCE AS ADMITTANCE TO THY MYSTERIES.
N.Y. Ballet
STEP, KICK, SOUTH WEST, TURN, SOUTH EAST, PIVOT, KICK, STEP, PIVOT, FINALLY NORTH.

TYPICAL! NO RESEARCH. OVER 100,000 PUZZLE KEYS AND YOU CHOOSE THE ONE THAT KILLS YOU--BEFORE WE HAVE TIME TO--
NEVER MIND. I NEED INVISIBILITY. AH, HERE, HAND OF GLORY--"TAKE THE HAND OF THE HANGED MAN..."
WONDER IF HE ENJOYED THE END OF HIS PERFORMANCE. REMINDS ME OF A REFERENCE; 'WHERE HIS SEED FALLS: THERE GROWS MANDRAKE.' NOW WHERE WAS IT?

--TRAGIC, TERRIBLE--
--A STUPID WASTE--
--HIS POOR PARENTS--
--SHOWED NO INDICATION--
--THE PITY OF IT--
WORTHLESS FILTHY SHIT! THAT'S WHAT HE WAS, PETER, YOU INVITED A SATANIST, INTO OUR CHURCH AND LET HIM PERFORM HIS EVIL RITES HERE. I KEEP ON TELLING YOU; A CHURCH IS NO PLACE FOR DREGS FROM THE STREET.
TO ANSWER YOUR UNASKED QUESTION, DETECTIVE, LUKE IS HERE BECAUSE HE SAVED MY LIFE, WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.
"IF HE REGRETTED IT--HE NEVER SAID."
IMPORTANT TO YOU, ISN'T HE, ABADDON?

LUKE, IT'S NEARLY TIME FOR MY BROADCASTING. ARE YOU COMING?
LUKE, PLEASE. I WANT YOU THERE, I NEED YOUR SUPPORT.
I'LL NOT BE A PARTY TO YOUR CRUSADE. PEOPLE CAN'T FIND A PEW IN THIS CHURCH, TOO MANY DOWN'S AND OUTS.
PARISHIONERS WILL WRITE TO THE BISHOP, SEE IF THEY DON'T.
PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, LUKE.
THANK YOU LUKE. I KNOW YOU MEAN THE BEST FOR ME, BUT YOU PUT PEWS BEFORE *PEOPLE*, RITUAL BEFORE REACHING OUT AND, AS EVER, BY YOUR EXAMPLE, KEEP ME TO MY PURPOSE.
DOES HE INDEED...?

FRIENDS, WHO TELLS YOU TO BE AFRAID? WHO THREATENS YOU WITH PAIN AND TORTURE TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE--NOT GOD, BUT MAN.
GOD IS LOVE AND TRUE LOVE DOES NOT TERRIFY. I ASK YOU TO TURN TO GOD, NOT BECAUSE YOU FEAR "THE END IS NIGH", BUT BECAUSE YOU ARE READY TO ACCEPT YOU CAN BE LOVED BY SOMEONE GREATER THAN YOURSELF.
WE MAY BE CLOSE TO DESTRUCTION, NOT BECAUSE GOD WILLS IT, BUT BECAUSE HUMANITY HAS ENGINEERED IT AND WE CAN PREVENT IT.
DONATIONS CAN BE MADE, NOT TO ME, BUT TO THE N.I.M. WHO SEARCH FOR A CURE FOR AIDS. ONLY BY COMFORTING AND UNDERSTANDING THE VICTIMS CAN WE AVOID JOINING THEIR NUMBER.
ONLY BY DIGGING INTO OUR HEARTS...

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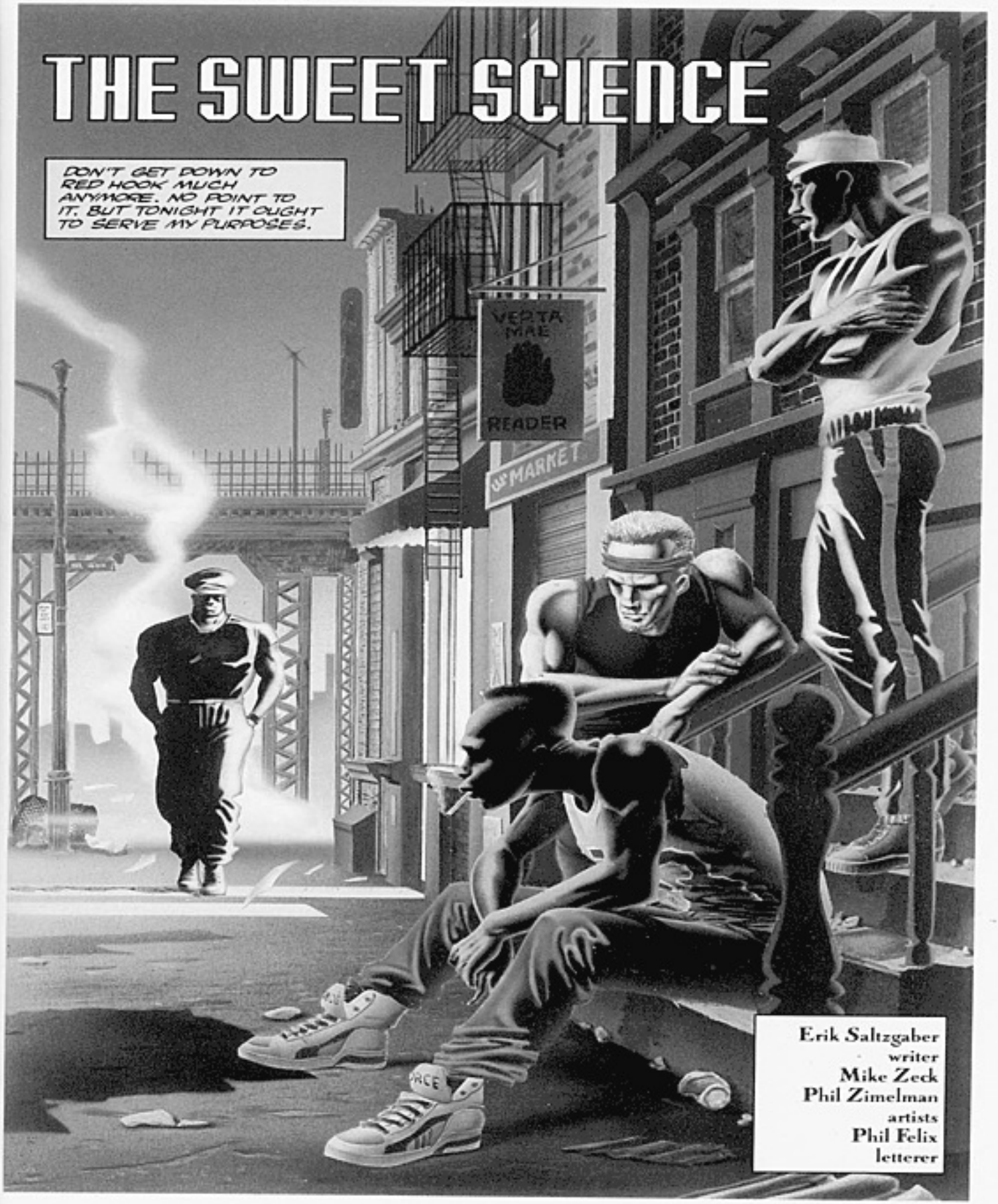
HA HA... AFTER MY SERMON I'M SURE MARK KNOWS I FORGIVE HIM FOR SCENE STEALING.
FRIENDS, WE MUST LEARN TO TOLERATE, TO BUILD A FAMILY OF HUMANITY, REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED OR COLOR, SEX OR SEXUALITY.
NO! THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE FAITH, ONE CHURCH WITH ONE CREED! YOU MUST BE STOPPED!
"THERE IS BUT ONE LIVING AND TRUE GOD, EVERLASTING, WITHOUT BODY, PARTS..."
"...OR PASSIONS; OF INFINITE POWER, HIS NAME LEVIATHAN. HIS PLAN IS INVIOLATE"

LUKE! THE CHRIST HAS FALLEN, I MEAN IN THE CHURCH... I MEAN SOME OF THE BOYS...
HEATHEN DESPOILERS, LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE. EMISSARIES OF CHAOS THE LOT OF YOU!
I.N.R.I.
WHAKT WHAKT
I'LL PUT YOU BACK IN YOUR PLACE, LORD, SEE IF I DON'T. I'LL PUT YOU BACK ON THE CROSS!

WE'LL SHOW THAT PETER ABADDON, WE'LL SHOW HIM HOW TO ORDER HIS CHURCH.
"HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD A GRIEVING PARISHIONER--BEING THERE MIGHT NOT HAVE SAVED THEIR LOVED ONE? STILL, I WONDER.
THIS, FOR THE GREATER GOOD. FROM NOW, ONLY I WILL IMPOSE ORDER HERE.
LUKE, I APPLAUD YOUR MOTIVES, BUT YOU ENDANGER THE PLAN.
"BUT YOUR GRACE, THOUGH I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY GOD TOOK LUKE'S LIFE, I MUST HAVE FAITH, AND TRUST HIS MOTIVES..."
THE END

J. C. EVANS


THE SWEET SCIENCE
DON'T GET DOWN TO RED HOOK MUCH ANYMORE. NO POINT TO IT. BUT TONIGHT IT OUGHT TO SERVE MY PURPOSES.
VERTA MAE
READER
MARKET
Erik Saltzgaber
writer
Mike Zeck
Phil Zimelman
artists
Phil Felix
letterer

WE DON'T MIND YOU COMIN' 'ROUND HERE, HOMIE, BUT BREATHIN' OUR AIR IS GONNA COST YOU THAT SHINY WATCH ON YOUR WRIST.
GOOD. THIS IS WHAT I CAME HERE FOR. LAST WEEK IT WAS HARLEM, THE WEEK BEFORE BEDFORD-STY, AND CANARSIE THE WEEK BEFORE THAT... THIS IS WHAT I NEED.
YOU WANT THIS WATCH, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE IT. I KIND OF DOUBT JUST THE THREE OF YOU CAN.
MAN, WE'LL KILL YOU AND THINK NO MORE OF IT THAN TAKIN' A PISS. GIVE UP THE WATCH, AND WHATEVER CASH YOU GOT.
KISS MY ASS.
I HOPE THIS PROVES A GREATER CHALLENGE THAN MY LAST OUTING.

THEY CALL IT THE SWEET SCIENCE. THE SCIENCE PART I UNDERSTAND...

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO OBJECTS IS A STRAIGHT LINE...

MASS...

...TIMES ACCELERATION...

...EQUALS FORCE.

BUT SWEET?
HEY...

...THAT DEPENDS ON WHICH SIDE YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT FROM.
WAIT A MINUTE, MAN. WHO ARE YOU?

HOLY SHIT! THE CHAMP...

THAT'S RIGHT. BILLY MOORE, HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, BEATING UP PUNKS IN RED HOOK, HAVING TO FIGHT TWO OR THREE MEN AT ONCE. AND THEY WERE STILL NO MORE CHAL-LENGE THAN MY LAST TITLE DEFENSE.

THEY SAY I'M BETTER THAN JACK JOHNSON, BETTER THAN DEMPSEY, LOUIS, ALI, AND TYSON. I'M THE GREATEST, MOST BORED BOXER IN THE WORLD.
HAVE A NICE WALK, CHAMP?
THE BEST.
I'M THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, GRADUATED CUM LAUDE FROM CORNELL, AND HAVE AN INVESTMENT PORTFOLIO THAT MAKES DONALD TRUMP ENVIOUS.
MY EQUIPMENT'S ALL EXPENSIVE NATIONAL TREASURES. THE GLOVES WORN BY SUGAR RAY ROBINSON IN HIS FIRST TITLE FIGHT.
I HAVE ONE OF THE FINEST PERSONAL ART COLLECTIONS IN THE WORLD. I HAVE ALL THE MONEY, TITLES AND MATERIAL ITEMS ANYONE IN THE WORLD COULD ASK FOR.
AND THE TRAINING RING OF THE GREATEST FIGHTER OF ALL TIME... FROM HIS FINAL FIGHT.
I WANT FOR ONLY ONE THING.
THE ONE THING I WANT, I CAN'T FIND.
A CHALLENGE.

I'VE BEATEN THEM ALL, BEATEN THE BEST, INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF THE RING.

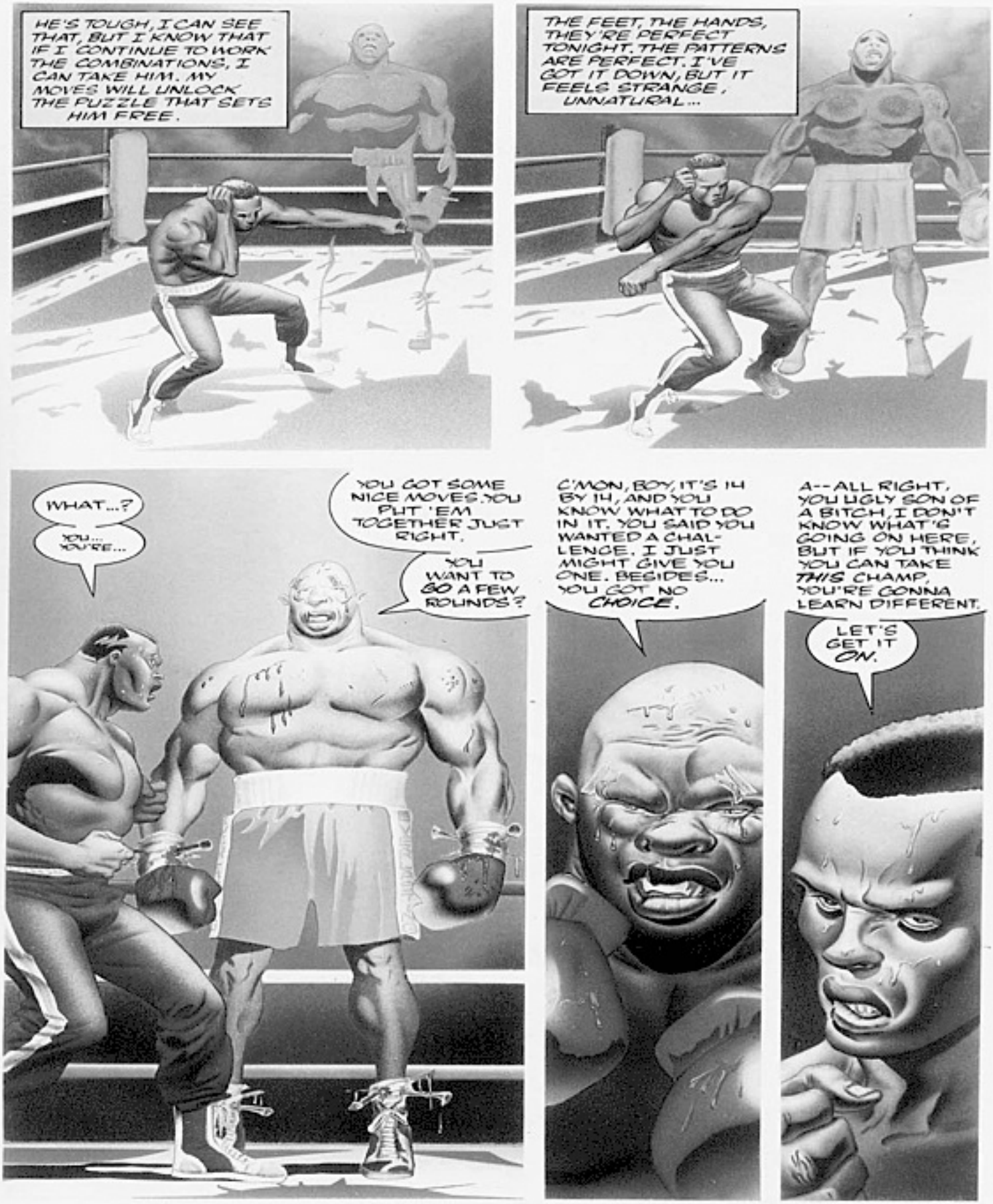
FOR A KID BORN AND RAISED IN THE SLUMS OF DETROIT I'VE DONE ALL RIGHT. I'VE PUSHED MY MIND AND MY BODY TO THEIR LIMITS, AND THEN SOME. AND I'VE REAPED THE REWARDS.

MOST BOXERS, THEY SAY, DON'T HAVE MY **INTELLIGENCE**. THEY SAY I'M GIFTED. I THINK I'M **CURSED**. I CAN SEE THE LIMITATIONS OF MY LIFE, HOW LITTLE THERE IS LEFT FOR ME TO ACCOMPLISH.

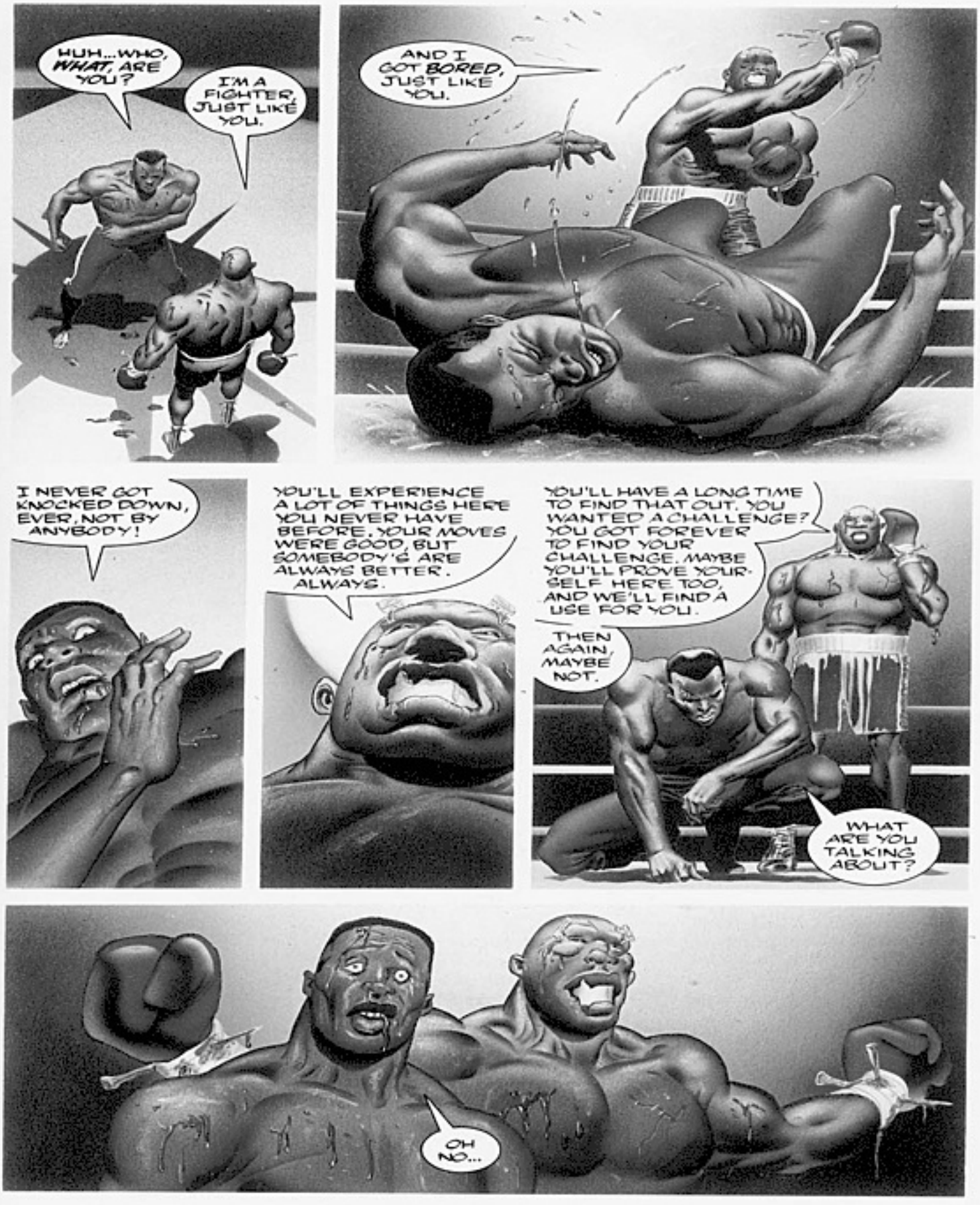
SO I FIGHT TWO OR THREE MEN AT A TIME, STREET PUNKS, OR I EXPAND MY HOLDINGS, DO **ANYTHING** THAT MIGHT PROVE TO BE A **CHALLENGE**.

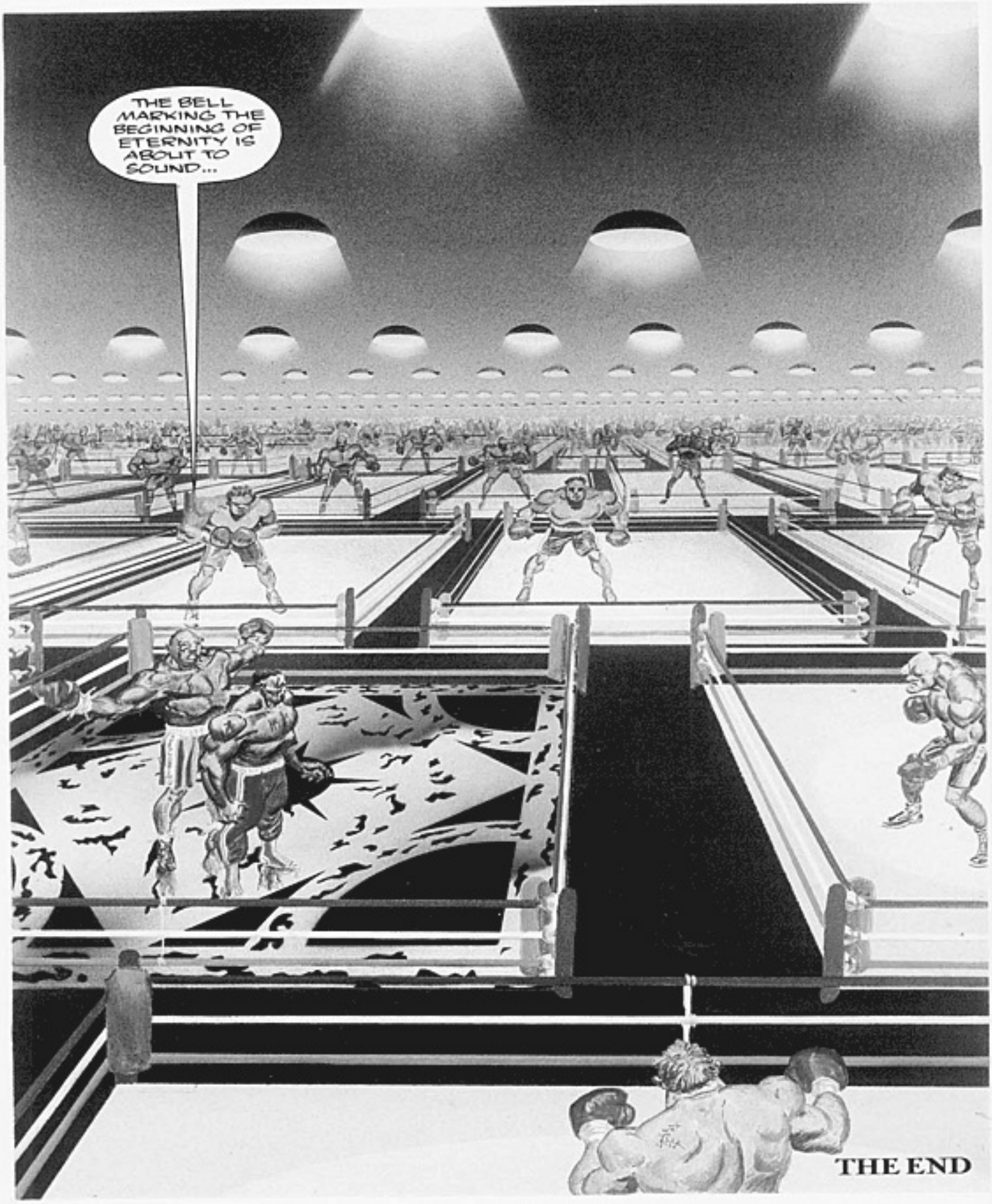
AND I DANCE HERE IN THE DARK, WORKING COMBINATIONS, TRYING TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE IN MY MIND'S EYE THAT PITS ME AGAINST AN OPPONENT THAT DEMANDS ALL OF MY SKILL AND RESOURCES TO BEAT.

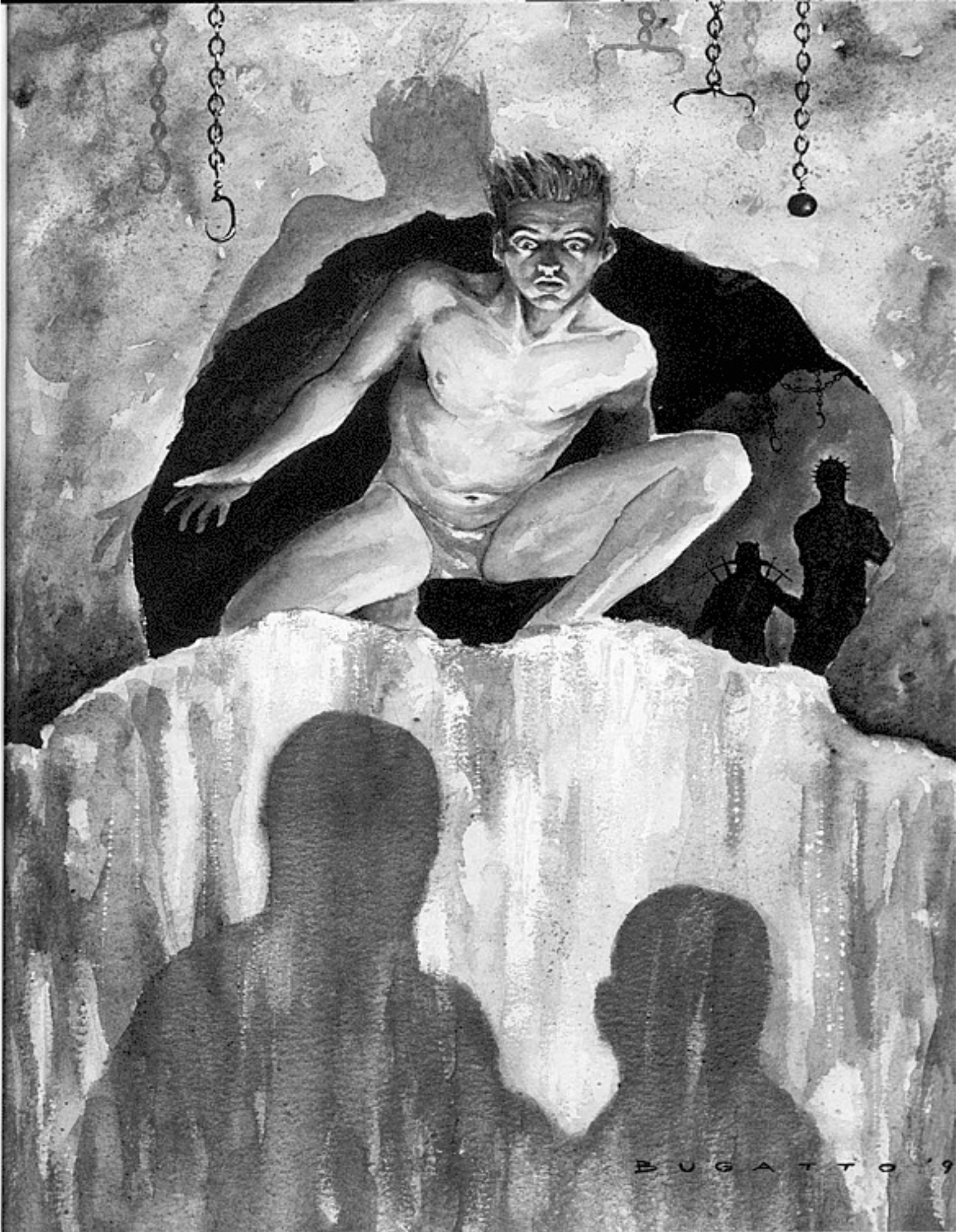
I WORK THE HANDS, I WORK THE FEET, I SEE MY PATTERNS EVOLVING INTO MORE COMPLEX ARRANGEMENTS. I BEGIN TO SEE THE PUZZLE UNLOCKING.


HE'S TOUGH, I CAN SEE THAT, BUT I KNOW THAT IF I CONTINUE TO WORK THE COMBINATIONS, I CAN TAKE HIM. MY MOVES WILL UNLOCK THE PUZZLE THAT SETS HIM FREE.
THE FEET, THE HANDS, THEY'RE PERFECT TONIGHT. THE PATTERNS ARE PERFECT. I'VE GOT IT DOWN, BUT IT FEELS STRANGE, UNNATURAL...
WHAT...?
YOU... YOU'RE...
YOU GOT SOME NICE MOVES. YOU PUT 'EM TOGETHER JUST RIGHT.
YOU WANT TO GO A FEW ROUNDS?
C'MON, BOY, IT'S 14 BY 14, AND YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO IN IT. YOU SAID YOU WANTED A CHALLENGE. I JUST MIGHT GIVE YOU ONE. BESIDES... YOU GOT NO CHOICE.
A--ALL RIGHT, YOU UGLY SON OF A BITCH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE THIS CHAMP, YOU'RE GONNA LEARN DIFFERENT.
LET'S GET IT ON.

AS WE GET INTO IT I START TO UNDERSTAND...
...PAINFUL AS IT IS...
...THAT HE'S BETTER THAN ME.
AND IT BECOMES CLEAR...
...THAT HE'S THE PRICE I HAVE TO PAY FOR MY OBSESSION.


HUH... WHO, WHAT, ARE YOU?
I'M A FIGHTER, JUST LIKE YOU.
AND I GOT BORED, JUST LIKE YOU.
I NEVER GOT KNOCKED DOWN, EVER, NOT BY ANYBODY!
YOU'LL EXPERIENCE A LOT OF THINGS HERE YOU NEVER HAVE BEFORE. YOUR MOVES WERE GOOD, BUT SOMEBODY'S ARE ALWAYS BETTER. ALWAYS.
YOU'LL HAVE A LONG TIME TO FIND THAT OUT. YOU WANTED A CHALLENGE? YOU GOT FOREVER TO FIND YOUR CHALLENGE. MAYBE YOU'LL PROVE YOURSELF HERE TOO, AND WE'LL FIND A USE FOR YOU.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
OH NO...


THE BELL MARKING THE BEGINNING OF ETERNITY IS ABOUT TO SOUND...
THE END


BUGATTO '9

WHEN YOU START TALKING ABOUT LOOKING FOR A CURE FOR AIDS, YOU'RE GETTING INTO SOME REAL COMPLICATED POLITICAL ISSUES.
NOBODY HAS A PROBLEM LOOKING FOR A CURE FOR POLIO OR SOMETHING--WHO WANTS TO SEE SICK KIDS? BUT WHO'S GETTING AIDS? JUNKIES AND FAGGOTS, RIGHT? SO NOBODY CARES.
IT'S NOTHIN' BUT POLITICS, MAN.

THE INSTITUTE FOR DISEASE CONTROL, WHERE DOZENS OF SCIENTISTS LABOR TOWARDS A SOLUTION TO THE AIDS PUZZLE...
DR. BERNARD FISHER CATCHES HIMSELF LOOKING AT HER AGAIN. NOT THAT IT'S UNUSUAL FOR MEN TO STARE AT DR. CASEY GIOELI, SHE'S NEARLY AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS BRILLIANT.
BUT NOT, IN DR. FISHER'S OPINION, BRILLIANT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY THE WAY HER LINE OF RESEARCH IS INCREASINGLY MONOPOLIZING PRECIOUS TIME ON THE INSTITUTE'S SINGLE SUPERCOMPUTER.
DR. GIOELI IS OBVIOUSLY MOST FAVORED OF THE DOZENS OF SCIENTISTS WHO WORK HERE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. MORRIS DILLIARD, AND DR. FISHER'S WORK HAS BEEN MARGINALIZED TO THE POINT OF NON-EXISTENCE.

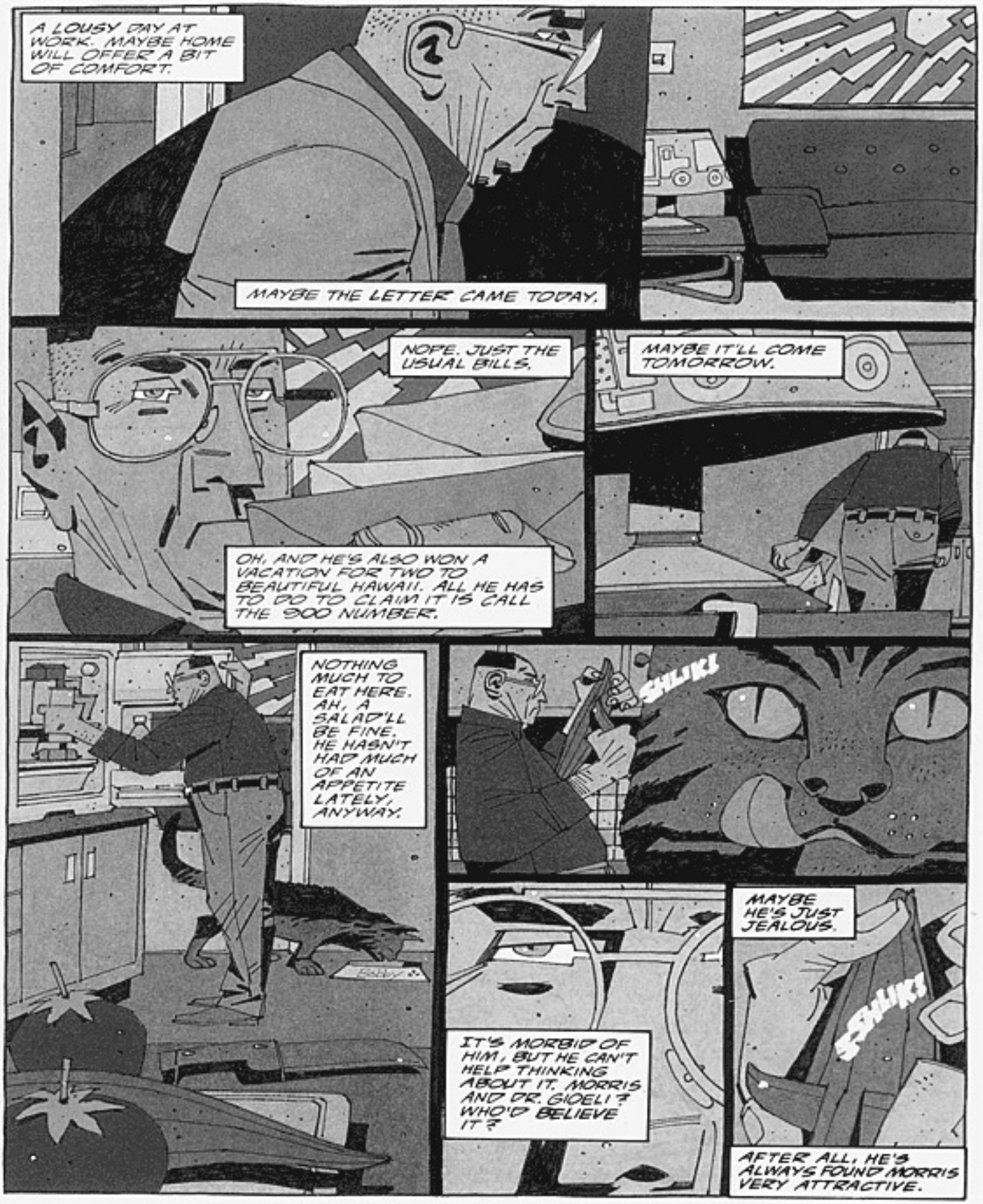
THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE
PART II

COMMITMENT

D.G. Chichester
Dwayne McDuffie
writers
Mike McMahon
artist
Michael Heisler
letterer

COME IN, DR. FISHER. BUT KEEP IT SHORT. I'M ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE DAY.
THEN I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT! DR. GIOELI'S BRILLIANCE NOTWITH-STANDING, HER PROJECT IS EATING UP TOO MUCH COMPUTER TIME. MY WORK --AND THE WORK OF A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE HERE--HAS BEEN STOPPED IN ITS TRACKS.
I'M AWARE OF THE PROBLEM, BERNARD, AND I'M SYMPATHETIC.
BUT I'M ALSO TOTALLY CONVINCED THAT CASEY IS ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
MAYBE, BUT DR. GIOELI IS FAR FROM THE BEST PERSON TO LEAD OUR RESEARCH--
--SHE'S TOO CLINICAL. TOO DISPASSIONATE.
OUR WORK HERE ISN'T SOME MILDLY INTERESTING, ABSTRACT PUZZLE. WE'RE FIGHTING FOR PEOPLE'S LIVES.
WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME AND I'VE NEVER ASKED YOU FOR ANYTHING, MORRIS, BUT I BEG OF YOU--

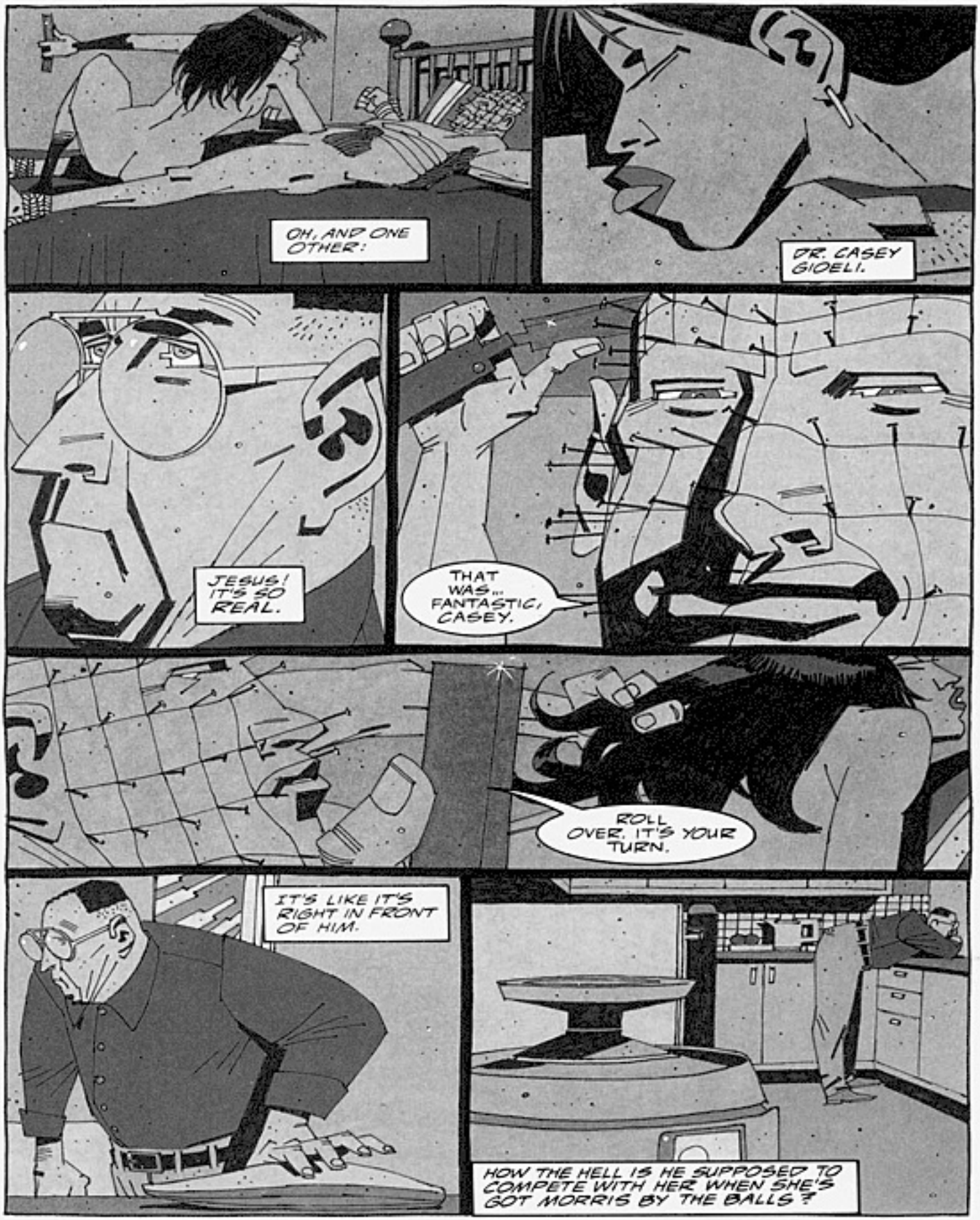
I'M SORRY, BERNARD. THIS IS NOTHING PERSONAL. OUR WORK HERE IS MUCH TOO IMPORTANT FOR THIS TO BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN A COLD, BUREAUCRATIC DECISION--
MORRIS--?
ARE YOU READY TO GO YET?
DR. GIOELI.
HELLO, DR. FISHER. I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE.
"COLD, BUREAUCRATIC DECISION" INDEED.
DON'T TRY AND CONVINCE ME, BERNARD. CONVINCE CASEY.
BUT NOT TONIGHT.


A LOUSY DAY AT WORK. MAYBE HOME WILL OFFER A BIT OF COMFORT.
MAYBE THE LETTER CAME TODAY.
NOPE. JUST THE USUAL BILLS.
MAYBE IT'LL COME TOMORROW.
OH, AND HE'S ALSO WON A VACATION FOR TWO TO BEAUTIFUL HAWAII. ALL HE HAS TO DO TO CLAIM IT IS CALL THE 900 NUMBER.
NOTHING MUCH TO EAT HERE. AH, A SALAD'LL BE FINE. HE HASN'T HAD MUCH OF AN APPETITE LATELY, ANYWAY.
SHLIK!
MAYBE HE'S JUST JEALOUS.
SHLIK!
IT'S MORBID OF HIM, BUT HE CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT IT. MORRIS AND DR. GIOELI? WHO'D BELIEVE IT?
AFTER ALL, HE'S ALWAYS FOUND MORRIS VERY ATTRACTIVE.

WHY CAN'T HE STOP THINKING ABOUT THIS? ALL THE THINGS IN GOD'S HEAVEN TO FANTASIZE ABOUT, AND HE HAS TO WONDER ABOUT WHAT THE TWO OF THEM ARE DOING RIGHT NOW.
SSHLIK!
SSHLIK!
JESUS! IT'S SO REAL. IT'S LIKE IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM. HE CAN SMELL THEM; FEEL THE HEAT FROM THEIR BODIES...
THIS IS WHAT FISHER SEES. MORRIS DILLIARD AND CASEY GIDELI. HE IS RESTRAINED; SHE RUNS A STRAIGHT RAZOR SEDUCTIVELY OVER HIS VULNERABLE SKIN, THEN LICKS THE ABRADED FLESH WITH DARTING TONGUE.
THIS IS WHAT FISHER SEES.

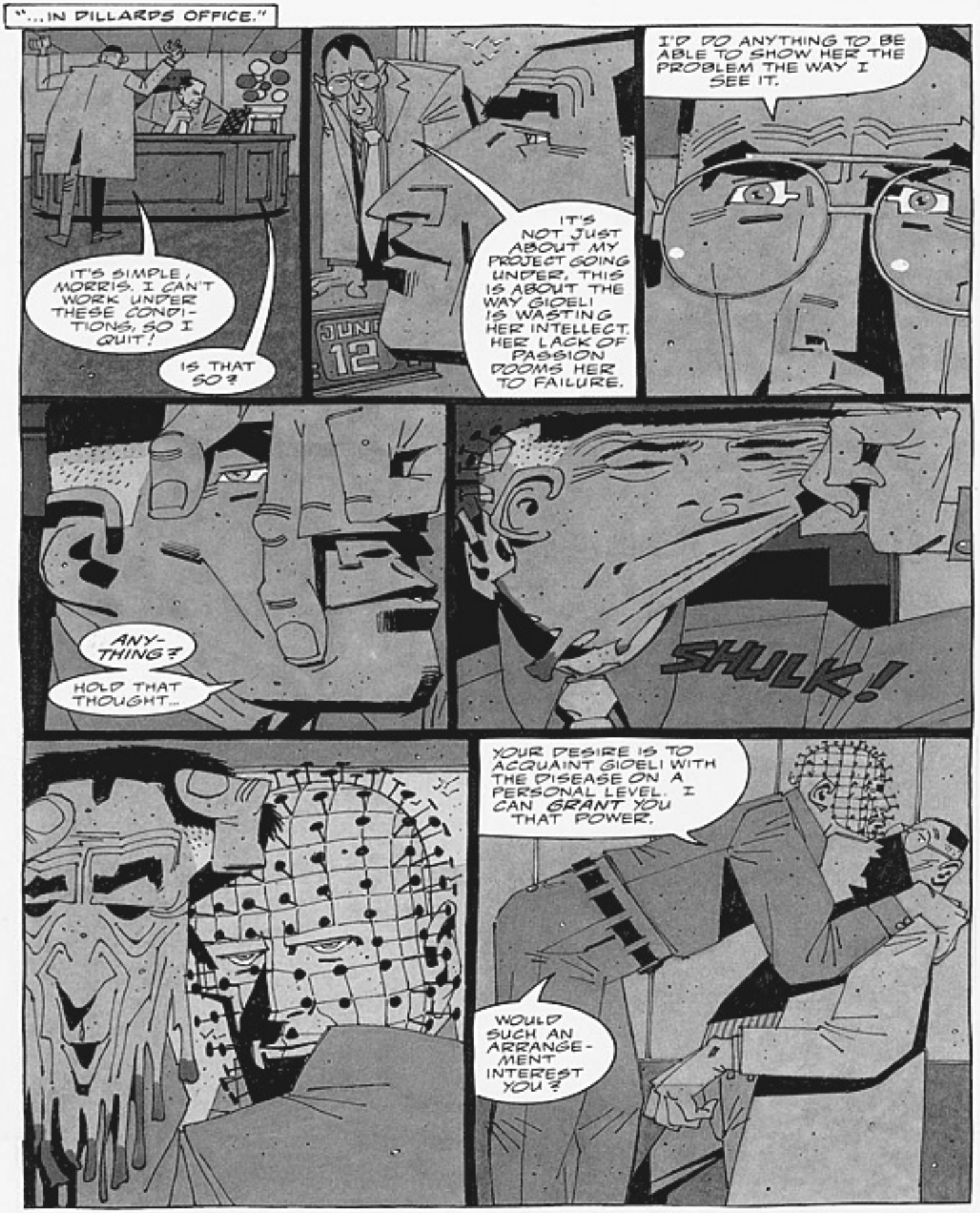
AND THIS IS WHAT DR. GIOELI ACTUALLY HAS TIED TO HER BEDPOSTS.
ALTHOUGH SHE ALSO SEES THE FACE OF MORRIS DILLIARD, IN FACT, SHE IS HAVING THE MOST UNUSUAL PLEASURE OF INTERCOURSE WITH THE PRINCE OF HELL; THE FAVORED SON; A CENOBITE OF LEVIATHAN'S HELL.
HE HAS ARRANGED FOR HER ALTERED PERCEPTIONS, AS HE ALSO ARRANGED FOR DR. FISHER'S VISION OF THEIR EROTIC INTERLUDE. ALL INTENDED TO DRIVE FISHER INTO HIS SERVICE AT THIS CRUCIAL POINT IN TIME.

FOR IT IS THE TIME OF CONFIGURATION, THE VERNAL EQUINOX OF MALEVOLENCE.
HE IS BUT ONE OF FIVE, LEADER OF THE TENTATORES MALIGENNI. ABIGOR, FACE, ATKINS AND BALBERITH ROUND OUT THE CREW OF CENOBITE STORMTROOPERS SENT BY LEVIATHAN TO SEE THAT ORDER WINS THE WAR WITH THE CHAOTIC TENDENCIES OF FLESH.
SIX UNSUSPECTING HUMANS, EACH AT THE FULCRUM OF THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN ORDER AND FLESH: MICHAEL DECOURCY, LEO SHABEL, LESTER GEORGE, JILLIAN ELLIOT AND FATHER PETER ABADDON.


OH, AND ONE OTHER:
DR. CASEY GIOELI.
JESUS! IT'S SO REAL.
THAT WAS... FANTASTIC, CASEY.
ROLL OVER. IT'S YOUR TURN.
IT'S LIKE IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.
HOW THE HELL IS HE SUPPOSED TO COMPETE WITH HER WHEN SHE'S GOT MORRIS BY THE BALLS?

IT'S A PUNISHMENT FROM GOD! GOD HATES SINNERS AND HE'S WIPING THEM OUT! MEN LYING WITH MEN, WOMEN WITH WOMEN, IT'S LIKE SODDAM AND GAMORAH!
FORNICATION IS FOR HAVING CHILDREN, ANYTHING ELSE IS PERVERSION! IF THEY ALL DIE --
--GOD'S WILL BE DONE!
DR. GIOELI? WE NEED TO TALK.
I'M VERY BUSY NOW. MAKE IT FAST.
...LEADING THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS, AFRICAN HUMAN RIGHTS LEADER, WILLIAM CHARULA HAS ANNOUNCED A WORLD TOUR THAT WILL TAKE HIM TO--

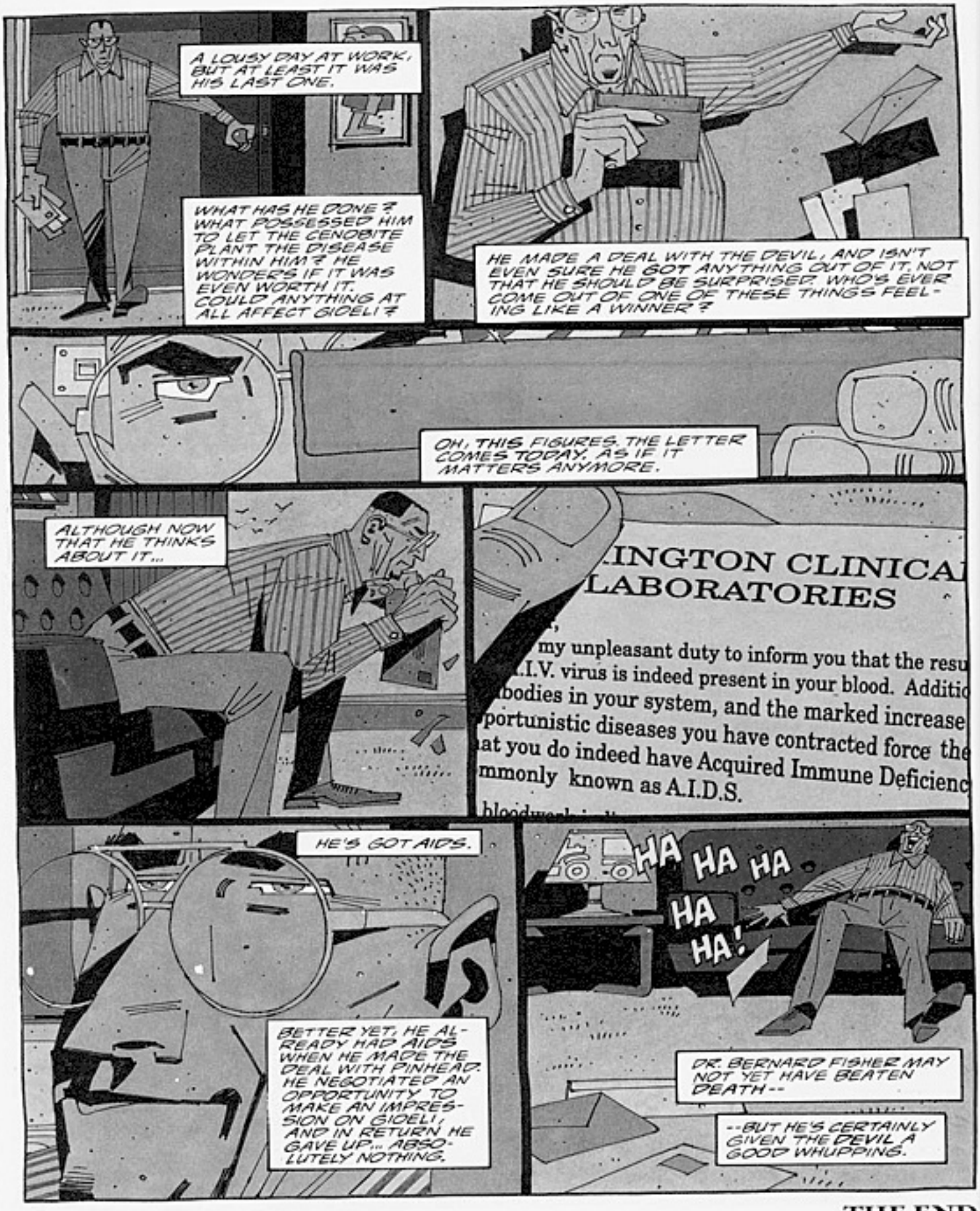
CLICK
ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT? YOU LOOK... FLUSHED.
DO I?
NONE OF MY BUSINESS, I SUPPOSE, I CAME TO ASK YOU WHAT YOUR RESEARCHES MEAN TO YOU.
I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN. I'M QUITE SIMPLY INVESTIGATING A POSSIBLE SOLUTION TO A COMPLEX MEDICAL PUZZLE.
NO! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A CURE FOR PEOPLE, NOT A "SOLUTION TO A PROBLEM."
YOU CANNOT PROPERLY ATTACK THIS PROBLEM WITHOUT SOMETHING MORE THAN SIMPLY AN INTELLECTUAL COMMITMENT.
UNADULTERATED RUBBISH. YOU DIDN'T STRIKE ME AS THE NEW AGE TYPE, DOCTOR.
CURRENT SLEEPING ARRANGEMENTS BEING WHAT THEY ARE, MY RESEARCH PROJECT IS ALL BUT OVER. THAT'S WHY IT'S EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE HUMAN DIMENSION OF THE DISEASE.
DON'T YOU KNOW ANYBODY WITH THE DISEASE? HAVEN'T YOU EVER VISITED A HOSPICE? ANYTHING?
NO. ARE YOU FINISHED?
YES.
THEN YOU'LL EXCUSE ME. I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
SO DO I...


"...IN DILLARDS OFFICE."
IT'S SIMPLE, MORRIS. I CAN'T WORK UNDER THESE CONDITIONS, SO I QUIT!
IS THAT SO?
IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT MY PROJECT GOING UNDER, THIS IS ABOUT THE WAY GIOELI IS WASTING HER INTELLECT. HER LACK OF PASSION DOOMS HER TO FAILURE.
I'D DO ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO SHOW HER THE PROBLEM THE WAY I SEE IT.
ANY-THING?
HOLD THAT THOUGHT...
SHULK!
YOUR DESIRE IS TO ACQUAINT GIOELI WITH THE DISEASE ON A PERSONAL LEVEL. I CAN GRANT YOU THAT POWER.
WOULD SUCH AN ARRANGE-MENT INTEREST YOU?

I GUESS WHAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO IS BEING WILLING TO GET INSIDE SOMEONE ELSE'S SKIN--TO BE WILLING TO SEE OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMANITY. SOMEBODY HOOKED ON HEROIN IS STILL SOMEBODY.
I DON'T LIKE TO SUFFER. I DON'T DESERVE TO. I DON'T IMAGINE ANYONE ELSE DOES EITHER.
CAN'T WE PUT OURSELVES INTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S HEAD FOR JUST A MINUTE?
GIOELI?

FISHER?! IT'S VERY LATE, I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE HERE.
I'M GOING TO SAY MY PIECE, THEN YOU WILL BE.
HOW DARE YOU BARGE IN HERE AND--
SIT DOWN! I'VE PAID A VERY HIGH PRICE TO TEACH YOU WHAT YOU HAVE TO LEARN AND YOU'RE DAMN WELL GOING TO LISTEN!
OH!
I'VE HEARD YOU IN YOUR ARROGANCE, REDUCING PEOPLE TO STATISTICS, STOP LOOKING AT THE BIG PICTURE, GOD IS IN THE DETAILS. TO YOU, "PEOPLE WITH AIDS" IS AN ABSTRACTION. LET'S MAKE THIS REAL PERSONAL.
I HAVE AIDS.
WE'VE NEVER BEEN CLOSE, BUT WE'VE WORKED TOGETHER FOR WEEKS... I HAD NO IDEA...
YOU STILL DON'T.
BUT I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU.

SWOLLEN LYMPH GLANDS, IN MY THROAT, UNDER MY ARMS, IN MY GROIN--
--THAT'S LYMPHADENOPATHY AND IT USUALLY COMES ALONG FAIRLY EARLY...
THE PATCHES ON MY SKIN LOOK A BIT LIKE SHINGLES, AND THEY'RE JUST AS SENSITIVE TO TOUCH. THAT'S HERPES ZOSTER.
THE FUNGAL PATCHES IN MY MOUTH, ON MY TONGUE, THAT'S ORAL CANDIDIASIS, MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS THRUSH.
THE -HUAK- BIG PATCHES ON MY SKIN? I'M -HUAK- GUESSING -HUAK- IT'S KAPOSI'S SARCOMA. ALTHOUGH AT THIS STAGE OF DISEASE, WITH MY -HUAK- IMMUNE SYSTEM ALL BUT -HUAK- SHUT DOWN, IT COULD -HUAK- BE ANY ONE OF A HUNDRED DIFFERENT DISEASES.
HUAK- THE COUGH IS PROBABLY PNEUMONIA. HUAK-HUAK- IF I'M LUCKY, THAT'S -HUAK- WHAT'LL KILL ME.
FISHER!!
NO NEED TO SHOUT, CASEY. I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
HOW...?!?
I CAME TO SHOW YOU... TO TELL YOU...
DON'T FORGET THE PEOPLE IN YOUR EQUATIONS. MY LIFE--ALL THE LIVES--IT'S NOT SOME ABSTRACT EXCERCISE.


A LOUSY DAY AT WORK, BUT AT LEAST IT WAS HIS LAST ONE.
WHAT HAS HE DONE? WHAT POSSESSED HIM TO LET THE CENOBITE PLANT THE DISEASE WITHIN HIM? HE WONDERS IF IT WAS EVEN WORTH IT. COULD ANYTHING AT ALL AFFECT GIDEL!?
HE MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL, AND ISN'T EVEN SURE HE GOT ANYTHING OUT OF IT. NOT THAT HE SHOULD BE SURPRISED. WHO'S EVER COME OUT OF ONE OF THESE THINGS FEELING LIKE A WINNER?
OH, THIS FIGURES. THE LETTER COMES TODAY, AS IF IT MATTERS ANYMORE.
ALTHOUGH NOW THAT HE THINKS ABOUT IT...
INGTON CLINICA
LABORATORIES
my unpleasant duty to inform you that the resu
I.V. virus is indeed present in your blood. Additio
bodies in your system, and the marked increase
portunistic diseases you have contracted force the
at you do indeed have Acquired Immune Deficienc
mmonly known as A.I.D.S.
HE'S GOT AIDS.
BETTER YET, HE ALREADY HAD AIDS WHEN HE MADE THE DEAL WITH PINHEAD. HE NEGOTIATED AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON GIDEL!, AND IN RETURN HE GAVE UP... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
HA HA HA HA HA!
DR. BERNARD FISHER MAY NOT YET HAVE BEATEN DEATH--
--BUT HE'S CERTAINLY GIVEN THE DEVIL A GOOD WHUPPING.

THE END

AFTERWORD

It's probably subtle egotism, but it's always surprising to find there are some to whom this book is still a secret. Those people who've never heard of a comic book shop (get a note from your mother) or have never seen any of the movies (get a note from your doctor), or, last, have never read any of Clive Barker's myriad stories (get back into school, and toss the notes the hell out of the window), those hapless souls are our next target. And we're doing our damndest to reach them.

This past August, the World Science Fiction Convention was the outpost from which we struck out into new fields, with a tremendous response. The appeal of Clive Barker's work stretches beyond genre boundaries, over generation gaps, across all personality types. But of those multitudes, there were yet some who'd collected every work by, for and about Mr. Barker, and had still never heard of our own ground-breaking title. Then we met the type who'd seen early issues, and left the series as the price was raised. And there were those who'd seen the series only recently, drawn to its horrific beauty, but again put off by its pricey resonance.

We heard you, and, as you've read in the introduction, we have responded. As you've definitely noticed, we've lowered the price substantially, at a minimum compromise of the page count. But for that, we're planning on giving you more than ever before. Upcoming into these pages:

*The chilling conclusion of the Devil's Brigade, our first ongoing multi-faceted storyline, whose results promise to change the shape of Hell, forever.

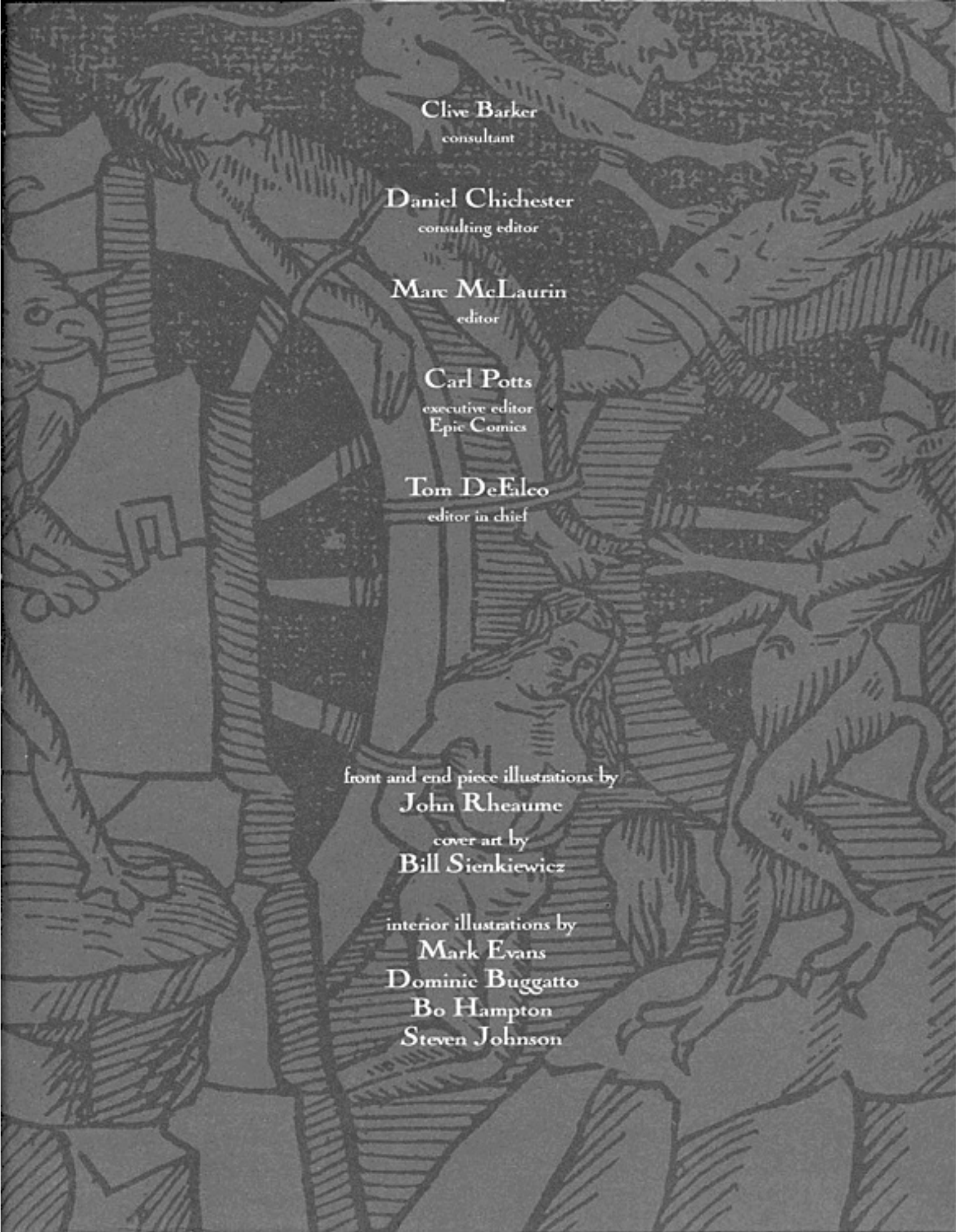
*The Resurrection of Morte Mamme, Clive's personal new addition to the Hellraiser mythos. She is an elemental force, an indescribable goddess who lives as the eternal antithesis of Leviathan. Her secret is her power, and her weapon may be you. . .

*Fully painted stories by illustrative giants like Joe Jusko, Marc Hempel, Miran Kim, John Van Fleet, Brian Stelfreeze, Jackson Guice, and Alex Ross. If this stuff doesn't knock your socks off, they're probably painted on.

*And, probably best of all, all of this will be coming at you on a six-week schedule, over twice as often as when this series was first unleashed.

Now comes your part. Let us know what you think of what we're doing, and some of the action you'd like to see in these pages. And, succeeding in that, let your friends know, and they'll tell two friends, and they'll tell two friends, and so on, and so on. Before too long, we'll have our own personal legion of Hellraisers. Then the trouble'll really start. . .

Marc McLaurin



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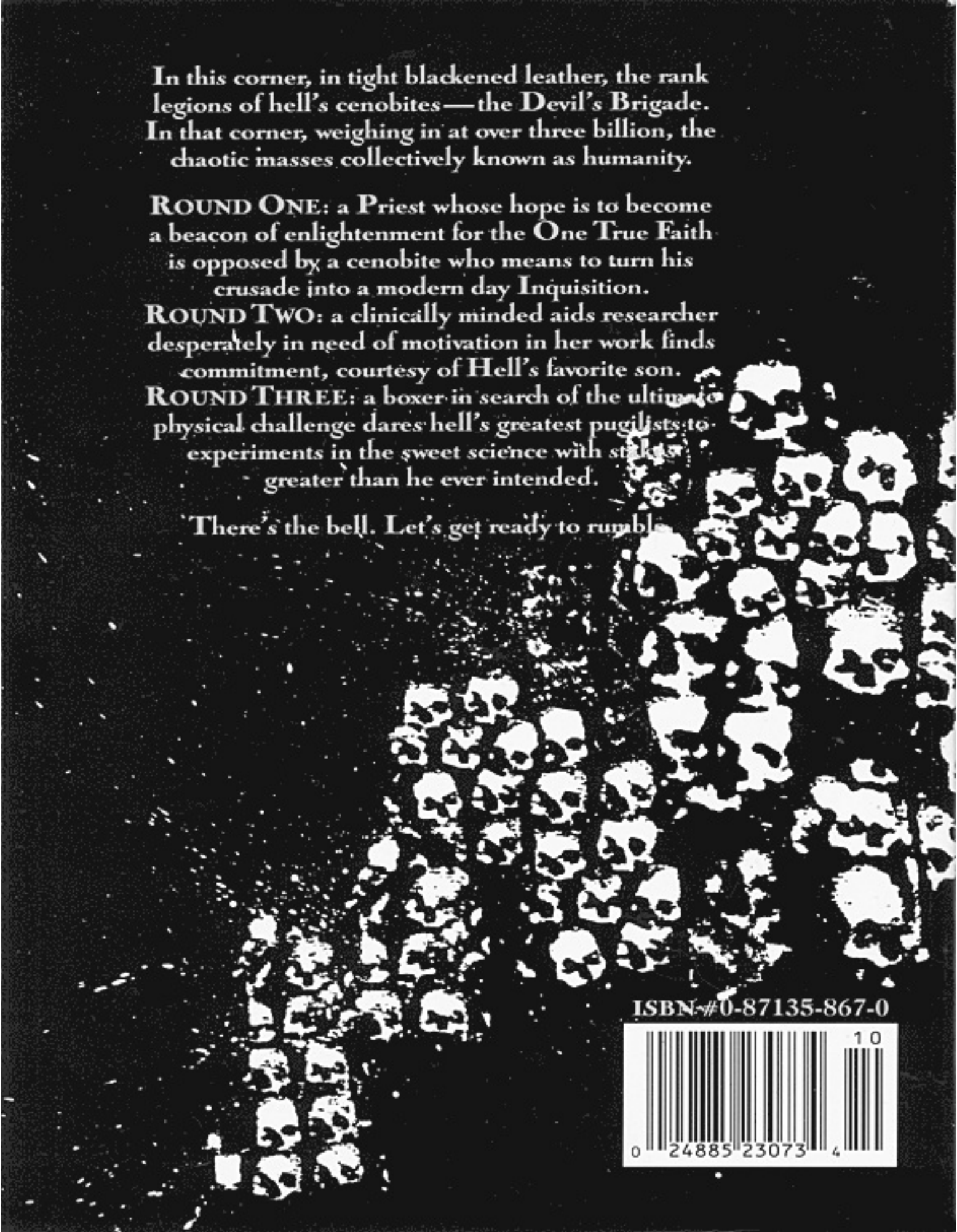
In this corner, in tight blackened leather, the rank legions of hell's cenobites—the Devil's Brigade. In that corner, weighing in at over three billion, the chaotic masses collectively known as humanity.

ROUND ONE: a Priest whose hope is to become a beacon of enlightenment for the One True Faith is opposed by a cenobite who means to turn his crusade into a modern day Inquisition.
ROUND TWO: a clinically minded aids researcher desperately in need of motivation in her work finds commitment, courtesy of Hell's favorite son.
ROUND THREE: a boxer in search of the ultimate physical challenge dares hell's greatest pugilists to experiments in the sweet science with stakes greater than he ever intended.

There's the bell. Let's get ready to rumble.



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